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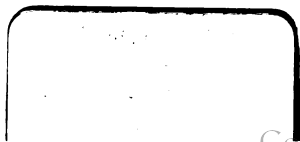
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Credo; or, Justin's martyrdom

Francis Browning
D. Bickerstaffe-
Drew (count.)



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C R E D O ;

OR,

Justin's Martyrdom.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY

REV. FRANCIS DREW.



R. WASHBOURNE,
18 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.
1882.

251. g. 441

TO
All Saints Francis,
I OFFER THIS LITTLE BOOK,
CLAIMING THEIR PRAYERS
FOR MYSELF AND THEIR OTHER NAMESAKES.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

1. OREMUS.
 2. DOMINUS VOBISCUM.
 3. PATER NOSTER.
 4. PER JESUM CHRISTUM.
 5. VENI CREATOR.
 6. CREDO.
 7. AVE MARIA.
 8. ORA PRO NOBIS.
 9. CORPUS CHRISTI.
 10. DEI GENITRIX.
 11. REQUIEM.
 12. MISERERE.
 13. DEO GRATIAS.
 14. ANGELUS DOMINI.
-

R. WASHBOURNE, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW,
LONDON.



C R E D O ;

OR,

JUSTIN'S MARTYRDOM.

CHAPTER I.

IN a window of an Oxford College that gave upon a grove of elms, where deer were browsing peacefully, two youths sat very much at ease; behind them by the table, whereon already luncheon was set out, a third was standing; and another lay stretched at length in a wicker lounge upon the floor. The last named and the first were smoking; the boy by the table, for he was little more, had but just entered, and had not yet put down his stick or taken off his hat.

'Oh, Cholmely, you'll be able to tell us,' called out his host from the window-seat by way of greeting: 'is it true that Gaskell of Osney has fallen victim to the charms of the scarlet lady?' You are rather thick, aren't you, with his great chum Heronshaw?'

The new-comer laughed.

'Your question is double-barrelled,' he answered. 'Yes, I know Heronshaw—we were at school together. Gaskell *has* turned Catholic. I suppose that's what you mean by the scarlet lady.'

'Of course it is,' returned Escott—'*vide* Rev. xvii. 3. I fear you don't read your *Rock* with unction, or you would not need to ask.'

'Poor Gaskell! I really gave him credit for more sense,' exclaimed the youth in the wicker *chouch*, as he himself called that whereon his big limbs lay (because, as he said, 'it is neither a chair nor quite a couch, and so one has to invent a portmanteau name for it, as Lewis Carroll does in "Through the Looking-glass"'). 'One would not suppose, to hear him speaking at the Union, that Gaskell was wanting in wit.'

'Perhaps he isn't,' Cholmely suggested drily.

His tall friend looked up surprised, and a trifle puzzled: he was not at all sure that the child, as he generally called Cholmely, was not snubbing him: moreover, Escott was laughing, and that confirmed his suspicions; and even Furnival, who did not know Cholmely, looked out from behind the curtain where he was ensconced, with an amused expression on his queer intelligent face.

'Well, I must say,' said Colville, stretching himself, and making his wicker lounge groan hideously in so doing; 'it seems to me that

those whom Rome would kill, she must first deprive of sense.'

Escott knocked the ash off his cigarette, and laughed.

'That's partly because you are so lazy, no doubt: you'll never get to heaven, my dear Colville, unless you can be carried there in an arm-chair.'

'I shouldn't mind driving myself there in a tandem,' the young man answered gravely; 'but surely, Escott, you don't sympathise with that sort of thing.'

'What sort of thing?'

'Changing your religion, and making a fool of yourself.'

'I think there are several ways of making a fool of yourself; and if a man thinks that the Roman Catholics have the only true religion, why I don't see how he can help changing his own—if he is at present a Protestant. But let's come to luncheon; sit down all of you. Ah, by the way you two don't know each other. Mr. Furnival of Waynflete—Mr. Cholmely of Radcliffe.'

When the introduction was over and all four took their places, for a few minutes no one said anything of importance; then they referred to the former topic.

Meanwhile I will try to do for you what Escott did for Cholmely and Furnival.

Escott himself, in whose room they were having luncheon, was a youth of twenty-two, of such standing in the University as to be on

the point of passing that examination by the profane called Mods.

He was in appearance moderately tall, slim, and wiry ; was quick in all his movements and his speech ; his face was rather melancholy when he was not talking or about to speak, and both by his friends and his professors he was considered clever. Escott's father was a country clergyman, the rector of a Hampshire village, of which Colville's was the squire.

That youth was, as I have said, very tall ; he had a handsome, kindly face, radiant with health and the pride of life, not dazzlingly so with the light of intelligence : he was a year or so older than his friend Escott, and had been up a term or two longer ; the boats rather than the schools were the goal of his ambition.

Furnival of Waynflete, Escott's own College, was shortish and fair ; his nose prevented his ever looking grave even when he felt so, and his keen grey eyes were full of laughter : he was older than any of the others, and looked younger.

Lastly, Chalmers was a freshman, but not particularly 'fresh' ; he had only just left a public school, but several circumstances combined to make him perhaps older, in all things except years, than any of his companions. In the first place he was an orphan, and his childhood had been darkened by the shadow of a great sorrow, and, through no fault of his, of a great shame also.

And this had kept him and his only brother aloof from all their family, so that Justin had grown up nearly to man's estate alone in the world, and bruised by many knocks and jars. Of late years there had been a growing intimacy between the two brothers and their kinsfolk; and though late in blooming, this friendship with them of his own blood was very dear to the boys, and more to the elder brother, who had known more fully the reasons which had so long deprived him of it.

Justin had gone to a school of his own choosing, and had gone of himself at no one's suggestion; a year after he took his brother with him, and then, a few months before this May morning in which we find him talking to Escott of Gaskell's secession from the Established Church, he had come up to Oxford, leaving his brother established in the house of an army tutor at Gosport.

The boy had lived in many places and had known many very different kinds of people; having no home in particular, he made all the world his home, and everyone's family was his own family for the time he stayed with them; and finally, he was poor.

These things had made Justin Cholmely grow up when he was still a boy; and while everyone laughed at his child-face, and took him to be even younger than his years until they knew him, in a short time they generally forgot that after all he was not yet a man, and occasional boyishnesses quite surprised them.

As a child, Justin had been repelled by the ugliness of old-fashioned Protestantism, and had gradually become what is called High Church : this had developed into Anglicanism, or, as he deemed it, 'Catholicity,' which he tried with vehement earnestness to square with the declared doctrines of his sect. At last, to be a Catholic had become with him an absolute necessity ; only he believed that it was possible, nay his duty, to remain in that 'branch' of the Catholic Church in which he found himself.

Hitherto he had had no real misgivings ; from time to time certain passages in Articles or Homilies had startled and disgusted him, but the explanation of those passages given by his spiritual guides had satisfied him who was only eager to be satisfied. And it must be granted that the way out of such difficulties discovered by the ardour of his teachers was ingenious, if not very profound. All his life Justin had been religious.

Mind, I do not say he had been good : his conscience was burdened with many things ; but he was, so to say, of a religious habit. He could hardly help himself ; a thorough-going, every-day faith was as necessary to Cholmely as it was unintelligible to Colville.

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE the four young men have got half-way through their meal, and they have been talking over Gaskell and his affairs pretty briskly.

‘This makes the seventh convert they’ve had since Lent,’ remarked Escott; ‘five at Easter, then Harley, and now Gaskell.’

‘What would Canon Blundell say if he heard you calling it “convert”?’ laughed Cholmely. ‘He nearly swallowed Heronshaw up quick, yesterday, for alluding to Gaskell’s new friends as the Catholics.’

‘I think all that’s affected,’ Escott replied. ‘I don’t feel myself any more a Churchman for calling a Roman Catholic a “Dissenter,” as Blundell does. All the world means them when it talks of Catholics; what’s the use of trying to confuse matters? Do you think if you were to get into a hansom in the High, and tell the man to drive you to the Catholic Church, he would take you to St. Bartholomew’s?’

‘Not if he were himself a Roman, of course,’ Justin answered evasively.

‘Now that’s mean: you can’t answer my question fairly,’ Escott retorted; ‘and besides, there you go again with more nicknames—that’s the worst of you Anglicans.’

‘How about nicknames?’ interrupted Justin, rather triumphantly.

‘The cases aren’t parallel,’ put in Furnival, who had finished eating, and was getting tired of the duet. ‘We *must* call you something.’

‘Why?’ demanded Cholmely.

‘Simply because you are something distinct.’

‘But we deny that. We are nothing new—we are only a part of what you are also a part.’

Furnival and Escott shook their heads. Colville helped himself again to claret, and began to look sulky.

‘That’s too much for us to swallow, my good Cholmely. You say you are nothing new, yet thirty years ago you would have been framed and glazed in this University as prodigies unutterable. You call yourselves nothing distinct, and yet you are making yourselves more distinguished every day.’

They all laughed except Colville, and Escott continued :

‘Now, do you mean to say there is no distinction whatever between your “Father” Knowles of St. Bartholomew’s and the old Master of Wambrooke?’

‘So, don’t you see,’ added Furnival, ‘we have to have a name for what is really a thing. Ritualists we abstain from calling you, Puseyites your old-fashioned enemies call you, and *Catholics* you call yourselves. But when we say “Anglicans,” we do not nickname you as you do the other people when you call them Romans.’

‘It is so ludicrous,’ laughed Escott; ‘you might as well call them Italians. Fancy good old Father Williams a *Roman*: why, John Bull is stamped upon his face in hand-bill type.’

Justin shrugged his shoulders.

‘You see, we stick out for a principle,’ he said. ‘You don’t care. We don’t choose to allow the schismatics a monopoly of Catholicism. You don’t mind much whether they take the name as their own or not; because you are indifferent to the thing. We know it is tiresome—all this squabbling about names.’

‘H’m!’ ejaculated Escott: ‘I don’t think it preys much on Blundell’s mind or on Knowles’s; light-skirmishing does not seem to grieve them very deeply.’

Justin said nothing. The truth was he had often tried not to notice this very thing himself, and not always with success: as Escott said, there was rather too much of the Church Militant about St. Bartholomew’s, and the warfare was not always of a very heroic order. This had annoyed Chalmers, and it was not pleasant for him now to find that outsiders were quite aware of this pettiness.

‘Poor Colville!’ exclaimed Furnival, seeing that things were perhaps going to take an uneasy turn; for it was plain that Chalmers did not like Escott’s last thrust. ‘Poor dear Colville! what a martyr he looks! *movemus inferiora*, we have been over his head this half-hour.’

Colville began to look resigned, seeing that resignation was no longer necessary.

‘You certainly have been talking *pie* long enough, if that’s what you call being over my head.’

So their talk turned on ordinary topics, and Gaskell and his affairs were left in peace.

Colville went away almost immediately after luncheon, as he had to return to his own College to change, for he was going to the boats; and Furnival had a letter to write before starting out for the afternoon, so Cholmely and his host were left alone.

‘What are you going to do with yourself?’ Escott asked him, when the door had closed behind Furnival, and they were lighting their cigarettes comfortably ensconced in the deep window-seats.

‘I was not going to do anything very particular,’ Justin answered. ‘I am going to dine in Hall at Chichele—their Hall is early you know—so I merely thought of taking a stroll towards Iffley.’

‘Shall we go together?’ Escott proposed; and of course Cholmely consented.

CHAPTER III.

PASSING out of Waynflete, the two young men crossed High Street, and entered the Botanic Gardens; just as they did so, Escott taking off his hat to some one.

'You know who that is, of course?' he asked when they had passed through the big and rather ugly rustic gateway, and had let their pace drop into an easy stroll.

'No; he looks very monastic; what is he?'

'He is one of the Fathers of St. George; they are a brand-new Order, and have founded themselves here in Oxford. . . . Strange,' he continued, almost in an undertone, 'how it fascinates people still; but certainly if I were to go in for that sort of thing, I would try the real turtle, not the mock.'

The words were jesting, but Escott spoke gravely, and seemed singularly in earnest.

Cholmely made no response, and for some time they walked on almost in silence. They were skirting the meadow, intending to cross the river and walk along the towing-path.

'You speak pretty freely, I must confess,' Justin remarked with a smile, when both were beginning to notice their own silence. 'I suppose it is not unfair to think you intend following Gaskell's lead?'

'Not the least *unfair*,' the other answered coolly, 'but it would be quite *untrue*; it is not

likely I shall ever change my religion—how can one change what one has not got ?

Cholmely would have been more than thunderstruck a year ago ; now he merely started and said, incredulously :

‘But surely, my dear Escott——’

His friend smiled, not very merrily ; he evidently had no wish to shock Justin by any very terrible views : he only said quietly :

‘Of course, I know what you mean ; I belong to the Church of England, so do three-fourths of the University—on a Census Paper—but we have no real religion. You Anglicans have, I suppose ; it does not seem to me a very *strong* sort of religion, but it is some sort—at least it is with a good many of you.’

Justin hardly knew what to answer : not that he was uninterested or even very much surprised.

‘You don’t mean that almost all the men up here are atheists ?’ he said inquiringly.

‘Not a bit : they are nothing. You may say that atheism is *nothing*, and so it is, in a way : but it is all the same a *definite* nothing ; we are all indefinite here. It isn’t that men up here believe there is no God ; they simply don’t trouble their heads about God at all—they don’t believe anything at all on the subject.’

Justin sighed.

‘I could no more help believing than I can help breathing,’ he said solemnly.

'I know you can't,' Escott replied quite eagerly. 'I saw how it was directly I got to know you, and you are lucky; you will be more lucky if you ever do what Gaskell has done.'

Cholmely looked round in thorough astonishment; he could not make out this queer friend of his.

'But why?' was all he could find to say.

'Because the Catholics are the most out-and-out believers,' he answered, with a careless laugh; 'they go the whole hog—they believe with all their might; the other religions only believe a bit here and there. You'll find yourself obliged to give in after a time, and confess that there is no reason why you should stick at the Pope if you believe in the Divine institution of Bishops—fancy the Bishop of Oxford being a Divine institution! I would as soon believe in the heavenly origin of the proctors—or why you should refuse to acknowledge his infallibility while you profess to believe in that of the Church as a body.'

Justin was not quite comfortable. Many questions he had formerly proposed to his instructors recurred now to his mind, and the answers seemed just now more ingenious and less correct.

'But,' he persisted, returning to the personal charge, 'I can't make out how you can preach all this and refuse to practise. I prefer the English branch of the Catholic Church. If you don't, why don't you go to the other?'

‘As I said before, because it does not seem to me worth while—hardly anything does, for that matter.’

Cholmely was getting chafed: he hated what he called *sloppiness*: he had rather strong opinions himself, but he lived according to them, and he liked other people to stick to theirs.

‘It is so absurdly inconsistent,’ he protested; but Escott only laughed.

‘My dear fellow,’ he said quietly, ‘you will have to get used to that; no one is consistent nowadays. Consistency was a fault of the middle ages, not of this much-abused nineteenth century. People never dream of expecting such a thing of one any longer: life would not be worth living if we had to be consistent.’

‘You are hopeless,’ Justin replied, laughing; but he was dissatisfied too, and not the less because in Escott’s unprincipled theories there was some practical truth.

CHAPTER IV.



WHEN Justin got back to his own rooms that evening, and had shut his oak, and was comfortable for the night, the recollection of his walk and conversation with Escott came back to him.

‘Odd fellow he is!’ Cholmely thought;

and added, 'and a nice fellow too ; I wish he was one of us.'

Of course, Justin meant an Anglican, 'an English Catholic,' as he would have put it ; but even to himself his wish seemed less heart-whole than it would have done a year or even less ago.

It was quite true that he wished this ; but his desire now was vague somehow, and *dissipated*. In the old days it would have been thorough-going and hearty—founded on an intense belief in his own Church, dressed up in all the perfections he had clothed her withal.

He felt that there was a change going on in him—a change, the beginning of which he could not date ; and he could not account for it, nor did he welcome it. There used to be no misgivings, why should misgivings begin to dart across his mind now and then—sprung he knew not whence, and go away, leaving a rust-spot, so to say, on the shield of his faith ?

'And I wish—oh, how I wish !—Gaskell had not left us,' he thought ; and this desire was almost personal in its strength.

Cholmely did not know the recent convert, but he felt as though his secession affected himself ; and so it did. Every man who becomes a Catholic knocks one tile off the roof of that erection they call Anglicanism ; on those who knew him, a ray of unwelcome and offensive light streams in : their roof is not what it was ; it is less weather-proof, and they feel this and chafe against it.

‘Oh, I trust it will never come to that!’ he cried; ‘at least, do not let *me* be unfaithful to our poor old Mother when her other children forsake her for strangers.’

Then he took up a book and began to read; it was interesting, and in a little while Justin was absorbed in it, and had forgotten all about Gaskell for the present.

Next day, and for several days, Cholmely met no one who would be likely to revive the topic: Heronshaw he saw for a few minutes, but Gaskell was a tabooed subject with him, as with all Canon Blundell’s school; and Heronshaw was to the core ‘a “Bartholomite” in whom was no guile,’ as Escott once said of him, meaning thereby one who never dreamt of questioning his director’s supremacy in matters social as well as spiritual, and who would have deemed any sympathy with Gaskell sheer treason. But one day, about ten days after that on which Justin had lunched with Escott, the latter was sitting in Cholmely’s rooms, when Heronshaw himself came in. He looked rather bored on seeing Escott, but decided on delivering himself of his business notwithstanding.

‘Oh, Justin,’ he said quickly, ‘I promised to take you to the convent. Mother Abbess says she would be glad for you to see it to-day; will you come?’

‘May I come too?’ put in Escott, and Heronshaw could hardly say no; so all three started together.

The convent lay some way out of Oxford ; and as they were walking down St. Giles's whom should they meet but Gaskell himself, who seemed to have just come out of the Catholic church. Seeing Heronshaw, he was evidently on the point of stopping to speak, but Heronshaw walked straight on, and would neither acknowledge his greeting nor his presence.

Gaskell blushed a little, and passed on his way ; the other three men on theirs.

'Why did you not at least cap him ?' Escott asked in astonishment.

'Oh, it won't do ; Blundell says it is safer not,' Heronshaw replied very uncomfortably.

Justin looked a little scornful—Escott a good deal so, and still more amused.

'And yet you *dare* to talk of Roman priest-rule!' he exclaimed eloquently. 'May not *you* speak to your grandmother either unless Blundell permits it?' he inquired, turning to Cholmely.

Justin laughed. 'I am a free-lance,' he answered ; 'no one revises my visiting-list ; but I don't know Gaskell.'

'I believe you would give your ears to !' Heronshaw cried, with some temper. 'But I won't help you.'

It was rather a home-thrust. To tell the truth, Justin had wished it. It had occurred to him that, if he ever got to know Gaskell, he would ask him what had made him think it impossible to remain in the Church of which he had once been a member.

Justin coloured a little, and Escott looked amused.

'You need hardly assure me of that,' laughed Cholmely; 'an' introduction from you would not carry one very far in Gaskell's good graces, I should say, if you are not generally more cordial than you were just now.'

Heronshaw looked offended. He really was not a fool, and he could not help feeling that Escott and Cholmely were right. He had been fond of Gaskell, and it was not pleasant to seem ungentlemanly. Yet what could he do? Orders from head-quarters had been positive that the faithful were to have no dealings with the lost sheep.

For some time no one spoke. Escott was looking cynical—Justin was absent-minded and absorbed in thought. Then they arrived at the convent-gate, and Heronshaw rang.

The Mother Abbess received them in a waiting-room, adorned with many pictures of English saints, many of whom, like St. Thomas, had fought and suffered for the honour of the Papal See. Then they were taken over the convent schools and oratory. In the latter, Justin and Heronshaw knelt down and said some prayers. The Mother Abbess began the rosary, so that the others had to continue their devotions till she had finished her five mysteries. Escott meanwhile wandered round and examined the windows, or glanced into the prayer-books which lay on the benches.

All was very complete, very pretty, and very ecclesiastical; and the lady who was their guide was young and clever. Many of her remarks being really witty, and those in which she alluded to the 'Protestants' were at least sharp and pungent.

'What do you think of it?' Heronshaw inquired complacently, when the three youths were again out of the precincts of the convent: his question was ostensibly directed to Justin, but he evidently was eager to know what impression the convent had made on Escott.

'It is very complete,' Justin answered thoughtfully: a year ago he would have been enraptured—it was such a *real* convent, postern-gate, grille, cells, and all things needful.

'Yes,' assented Escott, 'wonderfully: it is a marvellous attempt; there is only one thing wanting.' Heronshaw looked pleased.

'Do say what!' he asked eagerly; 'I am sure Mother Abbess would correct anything immediately.'

Escott smiled maliciously.

'They have a perfect convent: they only want some nuns to put in it.'

'Nuns!' cried Heronshaw, thunderstruck. 'Why, they *have* nuns: don't you understand? that was the Abbess herself.'

'Who made her Abbess?' Escott asked laconically.

'Father Gervasius, of course; why, he revived the Order in England.'

‘Yes, but who received *him* into the Order? he can’t admit other people until some one has admitted him: he does not even *belong* to the Benedictines until some accredited member of the Order has received him into it.’

Heronshaw got annoyed.

‘How stupid you are!’ he cried. ‘You will not understand; don’t you see, Gervasius *revived* the Order in England.’

‘But it has never died out: there were Benedictines in several places in England before “Gervasius” ever dreamt of calling himself a Catholic, much less a monk.’

‘Oh, you mean Romans; but they were only the Roman branches of the Order. Gervasius did not revive them.’

‘And there was no other Order of Benedictines to *revive*,’ persisted tiresome Escott; ‘don’t you see how ludicrous the whole thing is?’

‘Now you are rude,’ protested Heronshaw, and he took refuge in wounded dignity, and would say no more.

CHAPTER V.



JUSTIN had received impressions too; not quite like Escott’s, but still far from being such as Heronshaw had desired to produce.

‘I have often met the *other people’s* nuns,’ he

thought, 'in London and here, and I must say Heronshaw's Benedictinesses are not very like them; in the world that "Abbess" would have been charming, but if one were to shut one's eyes would think she still *was* in the world. The Roman nuns don't look self-conscious either, as she did; they think no more of their habit than I do of my coats: but that young lady seemed all the time to be remembering she was "very advanced," and was a Mother Abbess of the Revived Benedictine Order. I can't find the word to express what I mean, but she was not my idea of a good Sister: perhaps she was not simple enough.'

Certainly no one could have been much less simple than the 'Mother Abbess,' but the word Justin really wanted was 'recollected;' there is no other to express quite what he meant.

A day or two after this Cholmely received another visit from Heronshaw, in greater excitement than usual, just as the former was getting ready to go to Hall.

'Oh, wait a few minutes; I have something to tell you, Justin: it is so provoking! I have just met Escott in the Union, and he says he is going to St. Alphonso's to-morrow.'

St. Alphonso's was the Catholic Church, and the next day was Sunday.

Cholmely was surprised to hear this.

'Escott!' he said, 'Escott going to St. Alphonso's? what an odd man he is!'

‘Odd indeed : disgraceful I call it ; everyone will know him there, and it will be such a triumph for Gaskell and their lot.’

Justin did not sympathise much with this cause of complaint. He said nothing.

‘It seems the head priest has been changed, and the new man preaches to-morrow evening for the first time ; Escott says he knew him before his perversion.’

‘I’m sure Escott didn’t say *perversion*,’ laughed Justin ; ‘what is the man’s name ?’

‘Oh, Wilde, or Wise, or something of the sort,’ Heronshaw replied indifferently ; but Cholmeley was getting interested.

‘Yes ; but which ?’ he asked. ‘I knew a Hampshire clergyman called *Wise*, and he came from Escott’s neighbourhood ; I wonder if it is the same.’

‘He was a priest in our Church, more shame to him,’ Heronshaw answered indignantly. ‘I believe, if you *must* know, his name is Randolph Wise.’

‘It *is* the same !’ cried Justin—‘to think of his changing ! Why, I never knew any man abuse the Catholics so much as he used to !’

‘Yes, it’s sickening,’ Heronshaw assented. ‘But can’t you induce Escott not to go ? It does such harm. I can’t tell you how strongly Knowles feels about it.’

‘I am afraid Escott does not trouble himself much about Knowles’s feelings,’ laughed Justin. ‘I shan’t do anything to stop him.’

The truth was, since he had heard who the

preacher was to be, Justin was seriously thinking of going himself; and as it turned out he went, Escott and he together. They had both known Father Wise well, and were not unwilling to renew their old acquaintance.

Justin had never entered a Catholic church before, and he did not think this one very beautiful: it certainly did not compare well with the grand and venerable beauty of the other buildings in Oxford—Protestant now, indeed, but never built for Protestant uses or by Protestant hands.

Vespers seemed monotonous to him, in spite of their novelty; for he had no book, and the strange pronunciation prevented him from catching the Latin as it was sung. Then came the sermon.

A sacristy door opened, and Father Wise came out, attended by an acolyte, with a plain cotta over his cassock, and a stole around his neck. Having prayed for a few moments before the High Altar, he went up into the pulpit and began to preach.

‘It is twenty years since I was an undergraduate in this University,’ he said, ‘and during all that time I have never visited it until this week; and now that I come back to it to take charge of all the souls within it who choose to come to me, I feel how many are the changes that have passed over it and me. Then I was a Protestant, though I believed myself to be a Catholic; and then most

people here believed something definite and had a real religion.

‘I am not going to preach a real sermon to-night, but if I were, I should take for my text one word—*Credo* ; and, as it is, I will just talk to you for a time about it.’

The priest was not old, but rather at the opening of middle age ; he had a strong clear voice, which was audible in every part of the church, even though he spoke in the ordinary tone and pitch of conversation. His manner was very quiet, and with his eyes he seemed to notice everything and everyone. Justin was almost puzzled by his mode of speaking, which was altogether unlike aught the boy had ever yet heard from the pulpit. It was not that Father Wise was too familiar or conversational in his style, but rather that he was so very simple and at home : there was nothing technical in his words or his manner, and no kind of affectation.

‘Hundreds of years ago,’ he went on, ‘everyone in Oxford was a Catholic ; everyone believed what *we* believe to-day. Then came an evil day in which the old landmarks were taken away and the old faith destroyed by royal authority ; but a new religion was set up by Act of Parliament, and this came in process of time to be believed in. The God and the Church by law established really had a hold on people’s minds ; and that was well, because it was better than nothing, though it was not much. It was rather a poor kind of religion,

but it was a religion of a sort. At all events it made people remember the Ten Commandments, and two of the Sacraments : it taught that Our Lord is God, and it professed to teach the doctrine of the Incarnation and of the Trinity.

‘Well, when I was here as an undergraduate, most men believed whatever it had to teach ; and now all that is changed.

‘I can say *Credo*, but I can’t safely say *Credimus* any longer, unless I qualify it by saying, “*Nos Credimus Catholici.*” We believe who are Catholics. People don’t go in for believing nowadays ; they have got out of the way of it.’

Escott glanced at Cholmely, and looked amused ; Justin seemed interested.

‘You see,’ continued Father Wise, ‘faith or belief is just like truth or any other quality ; it is a good habit, and people can lose the habit, and do lose it, unless they take care to strengthen it. If a man is always telling lies he will come to forget what truth is ; he will hardly know he is lying when he says what is utterly untrue. And if a man is always lazy and gives in to it, he will lose the very power of working : if a boy idles away all the beginning of a term, he will find he has forgotten how to work ; he may try really well to work then, and find he has lost the habit. It is just so with believing—people have lost the habit ; they disbelieve this and that, until they find they really don’t believe anything ; until

they have only opinion left, and all their convictions are frittered away in speculation and vain guessing.

‘They tell me that my own College is foremost among the non-believers—that it has become its glory; just as some of whom St. Paul wrote, gloried in their shame—out of sheer foolishness as one must suppose. They tell me that only four out of all its undergraduates can say the Apostles’ Creed. Why, my dear brethren, if I had said that I did not believe the Apostles’ Creed when I was there as an undergraduate, I believe I should have been kicked out of common-room. And yet I don’t find that men are any cleverer than they used to be, or any more profound. Some good people moan over the unfaith of these times, and put it all down to there being so much knowledge. I don’t. If there were more knowledge and less sham, less talk, I don’t believe we should hear all this nonsense about the Apostles’ Creed. A young man who has adorned this planet for some score of years, discovers that He who made himself and it has no existence, and there the matter lies. He has no real ground for his unbelief. Perhaps he does not go so far as this; perhaps he does not deny God’s existence, but merely ignores it; the result is the same. He loses the habit of believing, and gets out of the way of it; till at last he wakes up, and finds he is an infidel.’

Again Escott and Justin exchanged glances;

but this time the laugh was rather on Cholmely's side.

'To-day is St. Justin's Day,' the priest continued—'St. Justin Martyr. He tried hard to find out God, being then a pagan; and being thoroughly in earnest, he found Him, where alone He is to be found, in the Catholic Church. Then he worked hard to bring others to believe; and acquired thus such a habit of belief, that it enabled him to die a martyr for the religion he had learnt.'

For a long time Father Wise went on, and Justin did not lose his interest. He spoke of nowadays martyrs, and showed how truly the Catholic Church has its confessors and its martyrs still.

As Justin knew, he had himself lost friends and station and wealth for his creed's sake, and this added another weight to his words. He seemed both to Escott and Cholmely to be holding himself in when he spoke of the glory and beauty of the Church into which he had been drawn, and, calm and simple as his manner was, it was eloquently sincere in its delighted appreciation of all the joys of being a child of the Mother of Saints.

After he had ceased speaking, there was Benediction, which of course Justin understood, though he had never been present at its celebration before.

He prayed very earnestly and simply to Our Lord, both for himself and Escott, that

they both might always in all things do whatever was His will concerning them.

‘Well, Cholmely, what did you think of him?’ Escott inquired, as they were walking homeward in the beautiful calm of the summer evening.


‘I liked him on the whole. He is wonderfully changed since he left us. He used to be rather stilted in his style, don’t you think?’

‘Yes; I have always noticed that. Catholic priests have no pulpit manners; they are certainly real if they are not eloquent. But what will Heronshaw say when he hears of this? He will be sure to think I decoyed you?’

Justin laughed.

‘Perhaps you will be ostracised like Gaskell,’ he said; ‘you certainly deserve reprobation more.’

CHAPTER VI.

 HOLMELY saw very little more of Escott that term.

When the Long Vacation came, Justin and his brother joined each other in London, and spent the next two months abroad; after which they separated, each to visit his own especial friends in various English country-houses.

The first week of October, and the last of

the vacation, Justin spent in Devonshire, with the family of a schoolfellow who had gone to Cambridge, but with whom he still kept up a friendship. He arrived about seven o'clock, and went therefore straight to his room. Having written a letter, and dressed for dinner, he made his way to the library, where it was usual for the party to meet.

The day had been cold and raw, with foretaste of autumn dreariness; and a bright fire gave out a pleasant warmth and cheerfulness as he entered the cosy room, lined with rows and rows of books from floor to quaint ceiling of stained cedar-beams and carven oak rafters. There was no other light but that of the fire and what fell from a small reading-lamp, turned down and shaded, which stood on a little table on the hearth. Leaning on the mantel-board stood a young man whose head was all in shadow, the only person in the room. Seeing Justin enter, he came forward, saying simply:

'Lady Tyssen will be down directly. She told me to introduce myself. I have often seen you in Oxford. My name is Gaskell.'

Justin was a good deal surprised; but he held out his hand frankly, and the two young men sat down in the firelight and began to talk.

'Lady Tyssen is my sister,' explained Gaskell; 'she is very kind, now the rest are afraid to have any dealings with me. I have been here almost all my vac.'

Justin knew that his friend's elder brother was married, but had not known to whom. He had often met Gaskell before, and once or twice heard him speak in the Union; but he had never had so good an opportunity as this of taking him in altogether.

Gaskell was certainly a very fine young man, and Justin could quite realise the charm of manner of which he had often heard. He was rather grave and thoughtful, though cheerful enough; and when he spoke it was not hurriedly or as if from sudden impulse. His face was very beautiful and very refined; his mouth sensitive, and his eyes piercing and truthful. His expression was that of a man very much in earnest and very thorough.

'I saw you at St. Alphonso's once,' he said rather abruptly, turning to Justin; 'what did you think of it?'

'I liked Father Wise. I did not care much for the service.'

Gaskell did not look at all surprised.

'Nor did I at first. The services were a great mortification to me till I got to feel with them.'

The others now entered, and dinner was announced.

'So you know Wilfrid,' Justin's friend remarked to him later, as they were going up to bed.

'Not till to-day: I knew him by sight, of course; that was all.'

'He is a *perfect* fellow,' young Tyssen re-

plied heartily. 'I knew him when he was a Ritualist; all the nonsense has dropped out of him now; he never had much, and it's all gone. Still, I wish he hadn't gone over: all his people have thrown him overboard, and his father will not see him or hear his name mentioned. They would stop his going back to Oxford if they could, but he has just enough of his own to manage that; all the rest he has lost, and he is the eldest son.'

Justin looked sad.

'I had no idea he had lost so much by it; how well he takes it!'

'That he does: he used to be rather a gloomy kind of fellow, but he is always even-tempered now; he never makes much noise, you see; but he never gets dull or "down in the mouth."'

Justin and Gaskell saw a good deal of each other: one day they were riding together, and the latter asked, rather suddenly:

'Why did you go to St. Alphonso's that night? I never went to Catholic churches till I was a Catholic.'

'I had never been before either; it is no practice of mine, but I went to hear Father Wise—I knew him pretty well once.'

'That's different,' said Gaskell; 'or else I don't think much good comes of the custom. I never went in for abusing the Catholics and nicknaming them, even when I feared and disliked them; but I would not go to their churches: even then I thought it fair to quote

St. Jane Frances. You know she said to her nuns, "My dear children, let us live on our own bread ; it is sure to agree best with us."

Justin laughed.

'But I should have thought,' he said, 'that you would have been glad of it : I should have thought you would have believed it likely to do good.'

'Well, no—not as a custom. Of course, if men come to hear what a Catholic priest has to say for his Church, because they really want to get at the truth, that is different ; but to come just for the ceremonies, and so on, because they like them, is *vagrant*. We think people are more likely to become Catholics from saying their prayers well, and doing their duty, than by running about after incense and vestments.'

Justin was silent, and they broke into a canter, which ended their talk for the present. When they had fallen into a walk again, Gaskell continued :

'I hope you will go and see Father Wise when you go up again. If you know him, I need hardly tell you what a charming man he is.'

'Yes, I mean to do so ; and will *you* come and see *me* ? I can't go to you, for you are my senior.'

Gaskell smiled and seemed pleased.

'Yes, I will very gladly come since you are not afraid ; if I meet Heronshaw there it will make him feel awkward—I have got used to all that now.'

CHAPTER VII.

THE term had not grown very old before these two did meet, and it happened thus :

Heronshaw came to give Justin a spiritual scolding, which was a way he had ; in the midst of it Gaskell entered. Heronshaw had been angry, and he became more so ; quite forgetting that the new-comer was, to all intents and purposes, a stranger to him. He turned round and fastened on him viciously.

‘Cholmely never comes to High Celebration now,’ he began vehemently ; ‘and for the last three weeks he has not even been to Communion. Knowles has noticed it ; they are all talking about it ; and Blundell says it is hardly to be wondered at, considering the acquaintance he has scraped with you.’

I need hardly say that Gaskell need not have replied to this tirade at all : Heronshaw had chosen to renounce his acquaintance, and he was not now bound to notice Heronshaw’s presence, much less enter into conversation with him. But though Gaskell looked surprised and little pleased, he answered quietly, and without any affectation of not knowing his former friend :

‘My dear Heronshaw, I am not Cholmely’s director ; and even if I were in a position to know how often or how seldom he goes to

Communion, I should not feel myself free to remark on it.'

Heronshaw looked snubbed, but not less angry ; Gaskell continued, very calmly :

'You ought to give him credit for having as good reasons for staying away as you have for going.'

'Reasons — nonsense !' Heronshaw cried scornfully. 'You are undermining him, that's all. Knowles and Blundell were right.' And the indignant young Anglican took up his stick and hurried fiercely from the room.

Justin laughed, and Gaskell looked unutterably surprised.

'Of course he knows me very well,' explained the former : 'we have been together—here and at school—for years, you see ; and he always was a fellow to blurt everything out when he is in a rage. He did not *come* to speak about Communion, you know ; only other things led him to it before he knew where he was. My reasons for staying away, if you care to know them, are simply these : For two or three months the question of our Orders has been bothering me, and I can't go to Communion until I settle it : you see it affects the whole thing.'

Gaskell looked grave. 'It was the beginning of my trouble,' he said, 'and you will find it hard to settle. But my tongue is tied ; I can't say anything.'

'I wrote to ——,' said Justin, mentioning the name of one of the High Church leaders,

‘and to ——,’ mentioning another ; ‘but one only told me that Anglican Orders were quite as good as Roman, and perhaps better ; and the other sent me a book which seems to me to leave the matter doubtful.’

CHAPTER VIII.

‘**A**ND all this trouble did not pass, but grew.’ The doubt never was resolved, and till it was resolved it lay there a *misgiving*, cankering all Justin’s faith in the system to which he clung longingly. The old ill-answered questions recurred, moreover, and kept from time to time cropping up and saying, ‘We are waiting to be satisfied.’ And many new ones rose up too, harder still to solve, and there was no one to solve them. He tried many people, but they all received him coldly, as one that was unloyal, and instead of resolving his doubts frowned on him for having any doubts at all.

‘If the branch theory be true,’ he thought, ‘the other branches must agree to it.’ And he had never realised until this summer how utterly all except his own little body repudiated it. ‘If you are not in schism,’ one of his doubts protested, ‘the rest of the Church must confess that you are not ; but all kinds of ecclesiastical Christians say with one consent that you are. You are accused of schism, and

the only witness for the defence is the defendant. You are accused of heresy, and all you can do is to shout "Not guilty." Among other causes which led to all this growing doubt and dissatisfaction was this: Justin was growing out of boyhood, and theories and systems which had seemed tenable enough looked very weak and flimsy now.

I do not and could not pretend to trace for you the progress of Justin's change from full and unsuspecting satisfaction and trust in the Anglican theory to doubt and disbelief in it. The soul of the smallest of us is a great world, and at such a crisis as this every hour in its life is a chapter of that world's history: each day is full of events for it; hardly a conversation; hardly a book read, however seemingly foreign to the subject; hardly a walk taken, or a visit made, but it makes some difference; a point has been made on the way, a new change has come over the heavens.

It was so with Justin: he was only a boy; the story of his conversion need be written in no wonderful 'Apologia,' and yet it was even so bringing itself about from day to day and hour to hour. When he came back to his rooms in the evening, after a walk to Iffley, he knew he had progressed, gone on a step or two since when he went out; when he went up the stairs into Hall he felt that he was not quite what he had been when he went down them from breakfast.

A talk with Gaskell, nay with Escott, or

even with Heronshaw, when it was over, had left him stranded higher; so if he went to Church or read, and most of all when he had prayed. He was drifting away out of his old self and his past; and though he did not like it, though he struggled against it, he could not help it.

He often tried to put the clock back a year or two. He would go and get a copy of the *Church Chimes*, and the current number of the *Churchman's Librarian*, but he could not enter into them: he was just as sorry as ever to hear of the insane persecutions waged against Mr. St. Alban or Mr. Borrodale, but he could not take the matter *personally* any longer. And he had outgrown the *Churchman's Librarian*; its stories were too sentimental now—they lacked vigour, and had nothing to make up for the want, except a wealth of Sisters of Mercy, vestments, and High Celebrations. It was no use; the whole thing bored Justin now, and he would put down the pretty little story about Father Irenæus or Sister Caroline with a sigh, saying, 'It's no good; you can't make yourself the same again; simply because you really are different. If he is not a priest, what is the good of calling him Father, and his having a "real confessional in his study"?' And Justin was simply bored by good 'Father' Knowles and his zealous young men; their talk was a sort of Anglican slang that had lost all interest for him, and they lived in a perpetual state of one-sided warfare with St. Giles.

‘You never come to Compline in my rooms now,’ Heronshaw observed reproachfully one day.

‘No ; I haven’t been lately.’ But neither did Justin say he intended going soon.

These private functions had often tried his gravity, and now they were insufferable.

‘One can’t stand Compline in the coal-hole,’ you know,’ Escott had once remarked to him, and it put the case fairly.

The whole thing seemed *amateur*, sham-Catholic, and not a little childish.

CHAPTER IX.

MEANWHILE Justin had been to see Father Wise more than once ; he had always enjoyed these visits, for as Gaskell had said, the priest was a very charming and most interesting man.

‘I have been to see you several times,’ the young man complained once. ‘You never come to see me.’

Father Wise laughed.

‘No ; you must put up with that rudeness. I am always glad to see you here, but I will not go to Radcliffe to see you.’

Nor did he ever press Justin to come again soon, cordial and hearty as he always was ; but Cholmely understood well his reasons for both these things.

One day while he was there, Gaskell came in, and the two young men went away together. It was towards six o'clock on a raw November evening, and the dusk was rendered more obscure by a rising fog.

'I am not going to Hall to-night,' said Gaskell; 'come and have "high-tea" with me in my rooms; it will be cosy, and we shall have it to ourselves.'

Just as they were turning in to the gates of Wolsey, Gaskell's College, some one passed them, muffled up to the throat, and of course further concealed by the fog and darkness of the passage.

'Take care, Cholmely!' he muttered as he passed them, and disappeared quickly into the darkness.

It was not worth while to pursue, so they went on without noticing it till they were in Gaskell's rooms, when Justin said:

'It was not anyone I know; I should have recognised the voice—an over-zealous Bartholomite, I suppose.'

Gaskell laughed.

'It is too silly,' he said, 'and if it were not so absurd would be unbearably insolent too.'

They took off their outer coats and sat down: the fire blazed brightly, the kettle was singing cheerily upon the hob, and in the fender lay several dishes whence savoury odours rose.

The young men were very comfortable, and one of them was smiling at the memory of the little episode just enacted. Justin held his

hands out to the blaze and warmed them ; he wanted also to screen his face from the light.

‘Wilfrid !’ he said, leaning back in his low arm-chair, and speaking slow and earnestly ; it was the first time he had ever called Gaskell by his Christian name, though the latter had often asked him to do so.

‘Yes, my dear boy.’

‘I must join you soon.’

Then both were silent for a few moments.

‘Thank God !’ said Gaskell solemnly, holding out his hand and grasping Justin’s. ‘I thought you would have to, sooner or later : I am not at all surprised.’

Still Justin had nothing to say.

‘Even before we met at Tyssenlegh I felt sure of you.’

‘Why ?’ asked Justin, wonderingly.

‘Because I knew from your face that you would not be content to go on with Anglicanism after the reality had gone out of it for you. I knew that you could no more help having a religion than you could help having a heart or a soul. I was sure of you.—Certainly that warning was very opportune,’ he added laughingly, a moment afterwards ; ‘but it seems to have been thrown away.’

Then the two young men got up and took their places at the table. Next day Justin went again to Father Wise, and told him of his desire.

‘I will do all I can to help you,’ said the priest, ‘and that very joyfully. I have prayed

for you many times, and have watched you earnestly. I thought you would come.'

And he gave in substance the reason for his belief, that Gaskell had already given.

'If only England was in earnest,' he said, 'about any belief at all, she would soon come to the only true belief—that we hold; but she isn't. Men would soon come to believe in the Catholic Church if it was set forth truly before their eyes, and they believed already in the Established Church. But they don't: they have no belief; as I said, they have lost the habit, and they can hardly find it again.'

On another occasion he said, 'I should like to ask you to make a habit of acts of faith; they will make you keep the habit of faith itself: and do this on behalf of others as well as of yourself. Who knows but what the Creed heard often on behalf of others who have no creed of their own, may obtain through your prayers for some of them, if only one, that which your prayers have obtained already for yourself?'

And this too Justin did: whenever he heard the Creed begun he made mentally an act of faith, and another on behalf of all who never do so for themselves; and so doing he lost nothing.

CHAPTER X.



JUSTIN wished to move slowly, and no one desired to hurry him. But we cannot in these things regulate our pace by the dial, or indeed do much to regulate our own pace at all. Our mind, when it has begun to move, moves rapidly, and will not be held back; and this not because it is over-hasty, but because it is never idle. At such times as these it is ever at work, and makes us grow older in a month than years would age us in ordinary circumstances.

So it came about that by the beginning of the new year there was nothing to keep Justin back any longer, and he was received into the Catholic Church. It was done very quietly, without any flourish of trumpets, Father Wise receiving his abjuration, and conditionally baptizing him in the Lady Chapel of the church one morning about half an hour before Mass. The evening before Justin had written to Heronshaw, informing him of what was going to take place, and saying: 'I did not tell you sooner, as it would have done no good. I tell you now, that you may not hear from strangers of what so vitally affects one of your oldest friends. If I had formally acquainted you with my doubts while they were still unresolved, you would have left me no peace; and in the event of their having been resolved as you would wish, I should only have troubled

you in vain.' His letter was gentle and kindly written, with great sympathy for the grief which he knew his secession would cause. 'I am not writing,' he concluded, 'to Canon Blundell or Mr. Knowles, as I have never come into close relations with either of them, as you have; to my old Anglican director at school I have written many weeks ago.'

For three days Heronshaw vouchsafed no reply; then Justin received the following:

'DEAR CHOLMELY,

'I am more than grieved at your apostasy, for you *must* know it is nothing else. What induces you to cut yourself off from the communion of the Church in this country I can't conceive; and I can only pray that you may not die in schism, though you have chosen to go into it.

'I am, yours faithfully,

'GERALD HERONSHAW.'

From old friends, and from relations who had at last grown to be friends, poor Justin received many letters far more unkind and uncharitable than this. 'I will only keep the nicest,' he said sadly, and burned without exception all that were rude or unworthy of those who had written them. Many old-fashioned Protestants who had strong beliefs and stronger prejudices wrote him kindly and Christian letters; sorrowful of course, but

giving him credit for sincerity and good faith. Such letters were rare exceptions among those which his Anglican friends wrote ; the best of these were bitter and cold, not a few over-passed the bounds alike of courtesy and charity.

From Escott, who had not yet come up, Justin received a short kind note :

‘ I knew you would become a Catholic,’ he wrote, ‘ because to you I saw the thing seemed worth while. You were determined to be a Catholic, and I knew you could not persuade yourself for ever that you could be a Catholic and an Anglican at the same time. I wish you good luck, and look forward to meeting you again.’

But they never met ; and in a little while I will tell you why.

‘ You will have to suffer a good deal,’ Father Wise had said ; ‘ and it is well that you should. It is well that Our Lord should not have *all* the generosity on His side—you may be sure He will have most : and it will make you a better Catholic ; you will value your faith more if you have to be in your everyday fashion a martyr to it.’

‘ For one thing,’ said Justin, ‘ I shall have to leave Radcliffe ; and you know there is always a certain amount of trouble in migrating, which would be immensely increased in the case of a convert. I hardly know what College would admit me ; besides, I could not afford to join one in the least degree

more expensive than Radcliffe—I shall have to become unattached.’

But, as it turned out, Justin had to do more than that. He had already written to his guardians, for he was still under age by nearly a year ; and in a few days he received a letter from one of them, declaring their joint intention to advance no more money for their ward’s education. There was therefore nothing for it but to leave Oxford.

It was a bitter grief to Justin. He had already grown very fond of the place, and he had many friends there, not a few even of friends who still cared to know him.

And he had a reasonable chance of doing well in the schools, while his future success or failure in life depended much on how he acquitted himself there. If he were to go down now for a year and a half, even supposing he read hard in the country, he would have lost so many terms that he feared it would be almost too late to go into the Honour Schools at last.

But there was no help for it ; and with a sad heart Justin walked home to his rooms from the Union, where he had received this letter, to prepare at once to leave them.

How dear everything had grown at once ! even the Martyr’s Memorial, and incongruous modern Radcliffe. Perhaps no one who has not felt it can imagine or sympathise with this sort of trouble. It seemed but yesterday that he came up full of eager hopes for his

university life. How distinctly he remembered his first walk through these streets when he had carefully picked out the colleges and buildings one by one, or inquired their names surreptitiously of old ladies or errand-boys, who would not, he thought, brand him for so doing as 'fresh;' and the letters to the sixth form at school, how distinctly they came back into his mind! Yes, how long the time seemed, and how short, since those first Oxford days!

He had much sympathy. Father Wise and Gaskell especially were so kind as to make him sad.

'Poor Justin!' the latter said regretfully. 'A year ago I could have offered to lend it you until you were of age; but now, as you know without my telling you, I have not a spare ten-pound note over my term's dues. If it were not for the Tyssens, I don't know what I should do in the vacs even. But, indeed, I am sorry for you.'

And during these last days many bitter and selfish letters came pouring in on Justin: each one closing against him the door of some once hospitable house of sojourn.

But in spite of all this they were very happy days, even with all their sadness.

Our Lord came very close to him, and the Church that had cost him something became more and more precious to his heart—more and more a real part of his life.

'What are you going to do?' Father Wise

asked him one day, only about a week before he went down; he had already left Radcliffe and had rooms in the town, having entered his name as an unattached student.

'I hardly know,' Justin answered. 'Of all my friends the Tyssens are the only ones who would still welcome me to their house; and I don't like to offer myself, as it would look as though I meant to billet myself on them indefinitely.'

'Have you thought of teaching?'

'Yes,' Justin replied. 'I put an advertisement in the *Tablet* at once; but I was too late for that week's paper, and there have been no answers yet.'

'Well, I have not been idle either,' said Father Wise, 'and we are fortunate; if you care to take charge of one little boy for a year, I know of such an one. I am afraid it is a dull post, for they live in the country and see no one, and your pupil is only ten years old; still it is better than nothing. What do you say?'

'Much better indeed,' replied Justin, gratefully; 'if you think I would do, I should be only too glad to go.'

And as it was decided he would do, Justin went.

CHAPTER XI.

IT was a dreary afternoon in February when Justin Cholmely arrived at Hilgrave Manor House. All morning it had looked dark and threatening, and now the rain was falling in a melancholy drizzle. Hilgrave, a small Berkshire village, had no railway, and an open dog-cart had met Justin at Marlsford, five miles away on the Great Western.

Half an hour after they had left Marlsford, they drew up before the door of the Manor House, a desolate old place in the middle of a large treeless park or waste. The house itself was built of red brick, in no particular style, and no ivy or creepers clothed the bareness of any part of it. While they waited for some one to come in answer to their ring, Justin looked along the rows of windows in search of any sign of life, but there was none: no face showed at any of them, and through them glimmered no cheery firelight.

Presently a door banged far away, and then another nearer; and finally there was a sound of bolts withdrawn and chains unloosed, and the great iron-studded door was slowly opened. Visitors seldom came to Hilgrave, and the family never used this entrance.

‘Mrs. Grimshaw told me to tell you, sir,’ observed the solemn young footman, when he had lifted down Justin’s luggage and they

were standing in the hall, 'that she had ordered tea to be sent to your room at once. Dinner is at seven, and his lordship will take his supper while you dine. Mrs. Grimshaw hopes you will excuse her to-night, sir, as she is indisposed.'

'His lordship' was the little orphan grandchild of his hostess, to whom Justin had come to be tutor.

They went then to Justin's own room, a large and handsome, but gloomy chamber, opening out of the schoolroom. The solemn young man apologised that there was no fire.

'We never can make the fires "go" on this side when there's an east wind,' he said: so that Justin was glad to notice that his was the end room of that wing, and the schoolroom accordingly not on that side; there was a fire in it, as Justin found by-and-by.

'Shall I bring up tea to the schoolroom, sir, or would you rather have it in the library?'

'Bring it to the schoolroom, if you will, please,' answered Justin; and the stolid footman, with his large white face, disappeared to do so.

When Justin had washed his hands, he opened the door into the schoolroom and went in, expecting to find his pupil; but the room was untenanted, and the fire had burned low. Evidently a schoolroom was a new institution, and this was not the child's play-room: it was too tidy and too bare. No children had played

here these thirty years, since Alice Grimshaw and her brother, both dead now, had gone away from it to school.

Justin sat down in one of the big chairs on the hearth, and smiled quietly.

‘It is not a very bright beginning, certainly, but it might be much worse. I wonder what they are like.’

No one had meant to be unkind, no one had been unkind. Mr. Grimshaw was very old and very feeble, and never left his room ; his wife was an invalid, and spent what little spare cheerfulness she had in trying to cheer her husband. They were good people both, and kind-hearted ; but their sorrows had fallen heavily on them in the winter of their life, and they lived alone in their past, which no stranger could share with them. The coming of this little child to them had been a burden, and the necessity of a tutor for him had increased it ; but they had given orders that in all things the young man was to be treated like his pupil, and his injunctions strictly followed out.

‘Is Lord Catesby in his own room ?’ asked Justin, when the tea was brought by Hicks.

‘No, sir ; he is out on the waste with the dogs, sir : but he said he would be back at five to have tea with you, for certain.’

It was only a few minutes before five, so Justin waited, employing himself meanwhile in trying to make the fire a little brighter : in this he succeeded ; and as Hicks had brought

a lamp and had drawn the heavy worsted curtains across the windows, the room had now a certain air of homeliness and comfort.

Presently there was a knock, and when Justin had cried 'Come in,' the door opened and his pupil entered.

He was a tall child for his age, with close-cropped black hair, and dark eyes that seemed to have no light in them; he was very pale, and his fingers were cold and thin.

'You are Mr. Cholmely, are you not?' he said with great self-possession, coming slowly forward and holding out his hand to Justin.

'Yes; and you are Lord Catesby?'

The child bowed and answered very gravely; not in the least patronisingly, but simply as a grown-up person might have done.

'But you must not call me anything but Catesby.'

Justin was quite embarrassed by the gravity and self-possession of his charge.

They both sat down in silence, and Justin poured out two cups of tea.

'You were on the waste when I came,' he said presently; 'wasn't it raining?'

'Yes, but one must do something. I was tired of reading.'

'What were you reading?' asked Justin.

'Rasselas,' the child replied quietly, as if he answered out of the necessities of politeness, not because he was in the least interested.

'Queer child!' thought Justin, and another silence ensued.

‘Have they made you comfortable in your room?’ the boy asked presently; ‘they don’t seem to have lighted your fire.’ Justin had left the door open, and Catesby saw there was no firelight.

‘They say the rooms in that wing smoke,’ answered Justin; but the boy looked displeased, and when Hicks returned to take away the tea-tray, he asked:

‘Won’t the fire in Mr. Cholmely’s room burn?’

‘No, my lord,’ the young man answered, apparently not at all surprised at the child’s ways. ‘It’s no use trying the fires in that wing when there’s an east wind.’

‘Isn’t it? Then will you tell Mrs. Bunce from me to have the room next mine in this wing prepared at once for Mr. Cholmely?’

Now, Mrs. Bunce was the housekeeper; and without any ado she saw, forthwith, that the little tyrant’s orders were carried out.

Justin was amused, but in spite of the boy’s oddness he thought he should like him.

CHAPTER XII.

NOR was Justin mistaken in this; he grew, too, in time to be very fond of the grave, unchildlike child he had come to teach, and not the less so that it was plain the boy liked his tutor. Not that Catesby ever grew demonstrative or even affectionate in outward behaviour; his manner was always the same—sober, respectful, and self-possessed: but he evidently sought Justin's society, and there was no one else whose company he did seek.

The day after his arrival Justin saw Mrs. Grimshaw; she made a point of appearing at luncheon for the very purpose of courtesy to him.

'You will do just as you think best in all things with Catesby,' she said; 'it is so many years since there have been any children here, that we have lost the knack of managing them. They have orders in the stables to keep one of the saddle-horses at your disposal, so you must take the child about and explore the country. But I fear,' the lady concluded very kindly, 'that, at best, you will have a dull life here: we are old-fashioned people, and you are young; and then I am such a wretched invalid.'

Mrs. Grimshaw was right; making the best of it as he did, Justin's new life was dreary enough. His host he never saw except at

Mass, his hostess very seldom : and fond as he became of his pupil, the child was no great company for the young man ; and of his own age there was no one.

In the morning the two read and studied, and this was toilsome drudgery enough, for clever as Catesby was by nature, he was both ill-taught and lazy ; that is, he was weakly in body and could hardly be induced to make any persistent effort. Then followed a silent walk on the waste or to the village, generally the former, which lasted an hour. Luncheon came next, at which Mrs. Grimshaw very rarely appeared ; and afterwards the child and the youth rode for a couple of hours, returning in time for an hour and a half's study before dinner, at which meal Catesby supped, and only Justin dined ; at this they were invariably alone. At nine the boy went to bed, and for two hours his tutor read, wrote letters, or, if he had heart for it, did some private study.

As Father Wise had said, no one ever came to the Manor, and its occupants never went anywhere. They were the only Catholics in the county, and never since Lady Catesby's marriage had been on terms of any intimacy with their neighbours.

And added to all this was the gloom that always hangs like a cloud above a house of mourning ; for Justin's poor little pupil had not been Lord Catesby many months, while his father had but lived a year in widowhood.

'Are your father and mother alive?' the boy asked his tutor rather suddenly one day, with more excitement than was usual with him.

'No, my dear boy; they are long dead,' replied Justin, a little sadly. 'I can only just remember *him*; our mother I shall never forget.'

'So you have only Our Lady now!' the child said, with a grave smile that was very touching in the motherless boy.

'Only Our Lady for my mother, yes; and God for my father,' the young man answered. 'And they have taken good care of me.'

'I have heard all about you from grand-mamma,' Lord Catesby said simply, but with a great sympathy. 'Father Wise told her; and we are so sorry for you. But I can understand best,' he added; 'for she can't remember now, for her mother died before the Emancipation; but mine—but mine was such a little time ago.'

Justin was very much touched.

'We should be friends,' he said quietly, and turned his eyes on Catesby.

The child nodded, and he took Justin's arm, the most demonstrative habit he had; but he said nothing in words, and they walked on in silence.

CHAPTER XIII.



FMUST pass over now three years of Justin's history, for it would take too long to trace it in this little book.

And first, I must tell you that he never went back to Oxford, as an undergraduate I mean, though he had come of age and was in possession of the few hundreds of pounds that still remained due to him then. For after he had been a year and more at Hilgrave, and just when he was looking forward to the happiness of going back again to work for his degree, he got a letter from his younger brother, telling him that the latter was in trouble. He had run in debt, and things had taken a serious turn ; unless Justin could lend him the money he was ruined, and must give up all hopes of the army.

Poor Justin ! He sighed a little, for it was hard on him, but he neither hesitated nor grumbled. The money was sent, and long before it would be paid back, if ever it was to be repaid at all, it would be too late to think of Oxford.

So instead of going up to begin residence again, he went to remove his name from the books, and to get rid of some furniture and generally say good-bye.

Gaskell had taken his degree and gone down ; there was hardly anyone whom he had

known who chose to know him now ; those who had been faithful to him had for the most part graduated and left the University. But, at least, Father Wise was there.

‘Indeed, I am sorry for you, my dear boy,’ he said kindly ; ‘and yet I am glad. There are better things than being a Bachelor of Arts, and this must be part of your little martyrdom.’

Justin laughed.

‘But it’s so trivial ; one feels ashamed of taking it so.’

‘You shouldn’t. We have not the same stuff in us that the old Christians were made of, and if we had the chance of doing anything very heroic, no one knows how we might not be puffed up : it might be the ruin of us. So for the most part we have only these tiresome little troubles to bear, and it is a good thing if we make use of them ; roll them all up, as it were, into a martyrdom.’

And there had been, and still were to be, many other such for Justin to bear yet, which I have neither space nor time to tell you of.

But I said that he and Escott never met, and I will tell you why.

Just after he had returned to Hilgrave, for they were only too glad to have him back, the former got a letter—as he had received many others—from his friend.

‘It is a long time since I have written,’ wrote Escott, ‘and the reason is that I have been ill—so ill that they did not think I should ever

rally. However, they were mistaken, and now I am as well as ever; and I have a great piece of news to tell you, which will make you very glad. You know how often I used to say that I should never join the Church because I had no religion, and it was not worth while; well, when they told me I was dying I changed my mind, and found that it was better worth while than anything else at all. It was not easy to induce my people to send for a priest, but I told the doctor, and he insisted on it, to keep me from over-excitement; and I was received into the Church, on my death-bed as they thought, and next day made my first Communion and was anointed. Then I began to get well, and now I am quite so. In my conditional baptism I took your name of Justin, for your sake, and in memory of the martyr.'

'Thank God, indeed thank God!' said Justin, solemnly. 'He has been wonderfully good to us.'

He often heard from Escott after this, and in that way their friendship was kept up; but they never met, for Justin's friend went abroad in a few weeks to get new strength after his illness, and did not return. On his way back he stayed some time in Paris, where he was taken to see the Collège des Missions Etrangères, and from thence he did not come out until three years later. The young man left both it and Europe to carry very far the knowledge of that faith he had learned himself.

But that was only a year or so from the time of Justin's coming to take care of Catesby, and I said three must be passed over.

Just three years from that dismal February evening, whereon he had first come to Manor House, Justin left Hilgrave for London, whither he went to become a priest. This was the last step in his little martyrdom, but one that would last until his death, a daily sufferance for Jesus Christ.

For now he gave up what little he had left: his liberty to be an obedient subject, to labour where and how he was bidden; his independence, to live at first on his Bishop's generosity, and afterwards on his people's alms; and all the rest to be what every priest must be—one without antecedents, nameless, and, save to Christ and His poor, unknown.

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